Beach Sands.

A party of chauffeurs were walking along Cape May beach. One of them picked up a handful of sand and said: "Why is it that one beach is firm enough for motor cars, while another is so soft a child can hardly walk on it?" "The sand in your hand answers that question," the second chauffeur replied. "See how fine it is." The sand was, indeed, as fine as dust, as fine as talcum powder. "The finer a sand is the more closely it will pack and, by consequence, the firmer surface it will offer," went on the second chauffeur. "This fine sand here makes a roadbed many feet in depth—a roadbed you couldn't pack more closely if you rolled it a hundred years with a hundred ton roller. Study the sand at Long Branch or Asbury Park. It is prettier than this. It is made of separate grains that you can readily distinguish. Each is a perfect cube, white or black or red—a beautiful clear colored shape that it is a pleasure to look at. Each is about fifty times bigger than the Cape May grains; hence the sand of Asbury Park or Long Branch won't pack down, won't make a firm roadbed. There is only one place in the country where the sand is finer than at Cape May, and that place is Ormond."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Modesty of Hokusai.

Young artists, not gaining distinction early, have had various instances to quote as showing that masterly performance often came late in life. In Dora Amsden's book on Japanese art it is set forth that this is what the celebrated Japanese artist Hokusai wrote about himself: "From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs, but all I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-five I learned a little about the real structure of nature—of animals, plants and trees, birds, fishes and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty I shall have made still more progress. At ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things. At a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvelous stage, and when I am 110 everything I do—be it but a line or dot—will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I do to see if I do not keep my word." Hokusai died in 1849 at the age of eighty-nine.

Why Rossini Wept.

When Meyerbeer died his son composed a funeral march which "remembered his dead father." Full of emotion, the young man took it to Rossini. "Play it, maestro," he pleaded; "play ... I wrote it in expression of my grief and mourning for my dead father."

Rossini took it up, placed it on his piano and played it. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Utter sadness dwelt upon his countenance.

"You weep," cried young Meyerbeer, beside himself with joy at the effect on the great master.

"Yes, I weep," rejoined Rossini amid tears.

"And why?"

"Because," replied Rossini, "I am wishing that you were dead and it was your father who had written the funeral march."

Nilsson and Patti.

When Christine Nilsson, the great singer, was asked her opinion of various singers, she gave it very candidly of every one, including herself and Mme. Albani, but she never once alluded to Mme. Patti.

"You have not mentioned Mme. Patti," remarked the pertinacious interviewer.

"No," said Mme. Nilsson, "I have not. You are asking about singers. I do not regard Patti as a singer. I place her among the angels. A Patti only comes to a planet once during that planet's existence." Such an absence of stage jealousy has probably never been equaled.

Date Mark a Bagdad Malady.

Bagdad date mark is the name given to a mysterious disease that attacks nearly every one who stays in Bagdad for any length of time and is found also at Aleppo and other places in Turkish Asia. It is a sore that comes once, but lasts a year, leaving a scar the shape of a date. Nearly all the natives are marked with it. No remedy has been found for it, but hyposulphite of soda seems to have some effect on the mark.

The Beauty of the Lilies.

Mr.—Miss Hardy—Grace—do you not think that these valley lilies are very beautiful?"

"Not so beautiful as orange blossoms, Mr. Jones."

And, thus assisted and encouraged, he presently drifted out upon the wide, wide sea of wedded bliss.

Intimation.

"So the insolent fellow refused to pay his rent?"

"He did not say so in words, but he intimated it."

"How so?"

"He kicked me downstairs."—Paris Journal.

The Merit of Good Work.

The great thing is to produce nothing of which, if it comes into broad light, you will be ashamed, and then whether it does come into broad light you need not much trouble you.—Matthew Arnold.

A Desperate Case.

Walk O. Nights—Doctor, what is a sure remedy for sleeplessness? Doctor—Let the person count till he falls asleep. Walk O. Nights—He can't count. It's the baby.

The honor we receive of those who fear and stand in awe of us is no true honor.—Montaigne.

The Perfect Pun.

A perfect ... ways; the ... meet with a click like the blades of a sharp pair of shears. Sometimes the very thoughts fit tight together in antagonistic identity, as when the man said of the temperance exhorter that he would be a good fellow if he would only let drink alone, or when Disraeli (if it was he) wrote to the youth who had sent him a first novel: "I thank you very much. I shall lose no time in reading it;" or as when a man, seeing a poor piece of carpentry, said, "That chicken coop looks as if some man had made it himself." Exquisite perverse literalness of thought! And the same absolute punning, the very self destruction of a proposition, was the old death thrust at a poor poet by the friend who said, "His poetry will be read when Shakespeare and Homer are forgotten." It was a fine double edged blade of speech until some crude fellow, Heine, I think, sharpened it to a wire edge by adding, "and not till then," a banality that dulled its perfection forever.—J. A. Macy in Atlantic.

Remarkable Lunar Rainbow.

I recall many lunar rainbows during the half century since I was an observant boy and, if memory serves me, one double lunar rainbow. But the most perfect of these bows that I recall I saw on the edge of Darlington, S. C. I was in a road leading north, with extensive fields east and west; hence my opportunity. The full moon had just risen above the tops of the distant woods, and the bow in the west was perfect. The span of the bow was materially less than the span of a sun rainbow, but its depth, or thickness, was proportionately much greater. The rainbow colors were distinct, but pale, as if the arch were built of pale mother-of-pearl, and they changed and faded less rapidly than the sun rainbows I have seen.

When in camp on John's island, South Carolina, I saw a brilliant sun rainbow with one foot of the arch so near we could stand on it or pass behind and in front of it, but we did not "dig for gold."—Macon Cor. Scientific American.

Nelson's Famous Signal.

It is a fact that Nelson's famous signal to the fleet at Trafalgar was in its original form, "England 'confides' (not 'expects') that every man will do his duty." This is the story as given by Captain Pasco, Nelson's flag lieutenant on the Victory: "His lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made about a quarter to noon he said, 'Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the fleet, "England confides that every man will do his duty."' And he added, 'You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action.' I replied, 'If your lordship will permit me to substitute "expects" for "confides," the signal will soon be completed, because the word "expects" is in the vocabulary, whereas "confides" must be spelled.' His lordship replied in haste and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pasco; make it directly.'" And the famous signal was made.—London Chronicle.

There Was a Limit.

An Irishman one day went into the shop of a barber to get shaved. After being properly seated and the lather about half applied the barber was called to an adjoining room, where he was detained for some time. The barber had in the shop as a pet a monkey, which was continually imitating its master. As soon as the latter left the room the monkey grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish lathering the Irishman's face. After doing this he took a razor from its case and stropped it and then turned to the Irishman to shave him.

"Shtop that!" said Pat. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck and put the soap on me face, but, begorrah, yer father's got to shave me!"

Louis the Great's Size.

Louis the Great had even and tolerably regular features without any strongly marked characteristics. By all his contemporaries he is spoken of as a tall man, but he had a way of raising his head, surmounted by the monstrous wig he wore, and of swelling his chest that created the impression of height, for when the sepulchers of the kings were violated by the convention and his body was dragged out of his coffin it was measured and found a trifle over 5 feet 6 inches.

A Fortune In His Legs.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth an English gentleman of wealth named Corbet, of a distinguished family near Shrewsbury, bet that his leg was the handsomest in the country or kingdom and staked estates worth £80,000 on the subject. He won the wager, and a picture is still preserved in the family mansion representing the process of measuring the legs of the different contestants.

Not Encouraging.

"But," said the persistent suitor, "if I were to prove to you that I would go to the ends of the earth for you"—

"First," replied the Boston girl, "you would have to prove to me that the earth really has ends, and that, you know, is quite impossible."—Philadelphia Press.

Virtue.

Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue.—Confucius.

Concerning Shoes.

Customer—I notice some shoes in the window that you have labeled "Temperance Shoes." What kind of shoes are they? Dealer—They are warranted not to be tight.

Worm Destroyer.

White's Cream Vermifuge, not only kills worms but removes the mucus and slime, in which they build their nests; it brings, and quickly, a healthy condition of the body, where worms cannot exist.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

And the De Soto County News for One Year, $1.65.

For the autumn season now at hand the most valuable paper to you will be the New York thrice-a-week World, because it offers you more at the price than any other paper published anywhere in the world.

This is a time of great events. We are having great wars, and other changes of a startling kind are occurring both at home and abroad. The thrice-a-week World comes to you every other day, except Sunday, with all the news fully, accurately and promptly told.

The thrice-a-week World is fair in its political reports. You can get the truth from its columns whether you are Republican or Democrat, and that is what you want.

The thrice-a-week World always has a serial story running, and it is always a first class story by a first class author. The thrice-aweek world publishes better fiction than any other newspaper in the United States. Special attention is also given to markets, and there are many other valuable features.

The thrice-a-week World's regular subscription price is only $1 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the De Soto County News together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.00.

7,000 Young People Unite in a Great Tribute of Praise.

Over seven thousand young men and women, representing the entire South, unite in paying a wonderful tribute of praise to The Ga.,-Ala.-Bus. College, of Macon, Ga., which, by its thorough business training, has more than doubled their earning capacity, and placed them in position of great trust, honor and profit, while many of them have become conspicuous as managers of large and flourishing enterprises of their own.

The Ga.-Ala. is specially popular with young persons of limited education and means, as by its low rates, and personal, painstaking instruction in all the english branches necessary to success, it places a practical business education within reach of all. The people of the South delight to patronize it on account of its homelike atmosphere; and it is known to be absolutely reliable in every particular, being progressive enough to advertise what it does, and honest enough to do what it advertises.

As the applications from business men for graduates, for years past, have been far in excess of the ability of the College to supply, exceptionally low rates are being given just now, which are certainly in reach of every one. Young persons ambitious to better their condition are urged to write at once for these rates, to

E. L. MARTIN,
Macon, Ga.

tf

Saved by Dynamite.

Sometimes, a flaming city is saved by dynamiting a space that the fire can't cross. Sometimes, a cough hangs on so long, you feel as if nothing but dynamite would cure it. Z. T. Gray, of Calhoun, Ga., writes: "My wife had a very aggravated cough, which kept her awake nights. Two physicians could not help her; so she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Caughs and Colds, which eased her caugh, gave her sleep, and finally cured her." Strictly scientific cure for bronchitis and La Grippe. At Ed Greene's drug store, price 50c and $1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

J. J. SWEARINGEN. R. F. BROWN

SWEARINGEN & BROWN
Attorneys-at-Law,
Office in King Bldg. Arcadia, Florida.

SOLON G. WILSON. CLARENCE A. BOSWELL

Wilson & Boswell,
Attorneys At Law and Solicitors in Chancery.
BARTOW, FLORIDA.
Practice in State and Federal Courts.

DR D. G. BARNETT,
DENTIST.
Office in King Building.
'Phone 54.
Arcadia, - - Florida.

J. W. Brady,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Bartow - - - - - - - - Florida.
Office over Bartow Hardware Store.
Will practice in the Courts of De Soto county. Also in the Federal Courts at Tampa and Jacksonville. Will visit Arcadia for consultation in important cases upon notice.